









# Wesleyan Magazine

## of the

# Creative Arts

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### STAFF

Editor	Art Editor
Jill Gerber	Sharon Bey
Associate Editor	Business Manager
Eloise Whitmire	Cam Denham
Literary Editor	Girl Friday
Lisa McKinney	Maude Laslie

### SCRIBES

Maude Laslie	Sharon Bey
Jill Gerber	Leslie Brooks
Lisa McKinney	Jessica Hughes
Lorry Park	
Eloise Whitmire	
Martha Johnson	
Virginia Slack	

### Table of Contents

Cover, Natalie Ryan	
Into Light, Maude Laslie	2
Drawing of Dr. Martin L. King Jr., Nancy Jackson	3
pianos often pause . . . , Maude Laslie	
the day the lake went primordial, Lisa McKinney	4
Psilocybin Monster, Eloise Whitmire	
Number Poem, Maude Laslie and Sue Walker	5
The Morning After, Florence Barnes	
Photograph, Allyson Harmon	6
Chameleon Kitchen Boy, Florence Barnes	
_____, Jeanine Godbout	7
Song, Jenny	
_____, anonymous	
Rose Dust, Virginia Slack	
Parking Meter, Kasse Andrews	8
_____, Cam Denham	
The Goat Poem I, anonymous	
_____, Lisa McKinney	
Silk Screen Print, Janice Hooks	9
Miss May, Sharon Bey	10
Mini Mag Long Rifle 22 High Velocity, Sharon Bey	12
A Mock Battle, Florence Barnes	13
Damn It, anonymous	
Lullaby for Nancy, Virginia Slack	14
_____, Roberta Oertel	15
Coming Down, Maude Laslie	
When It Was Warm It Was, Maude Laslie	
The Young Child and the Goats, anonymous	16
Ceramics, Lorry Park	17
Photograph, Allyson Harmon	18
Jacket, Jill Gerber	
_____, Lisa McKinney	21
inertia, Lisa McKinney	
_____, Lisa McKinney	



## Into Light

i thought that it might be a good idea to sit down  
and figure the whole thing out;  
starting right off and chopping straight  
through the gauze.

well

and i find it too big

the thing is too big.

so i am behind this glass curtain not that one—

can you see me here?

i am smiling while i stand here

and i am watching you.

i'm still calm by the way or not by the way

that's a pretty important thing to know

in this world of ours with

its many varied ways by the.

i want to talk to you

but dying is in the way and all of my

timid words only seem.

they are like little missiles that

cloud the curtain.

i wanted to knock it down

rend it if you please or break.

there is a moth in my left eye—

it is night i said

and brushed my teeth.

i wish i could write a song said moth watching.

then

together we prayed for you.

i stand and it is morning.

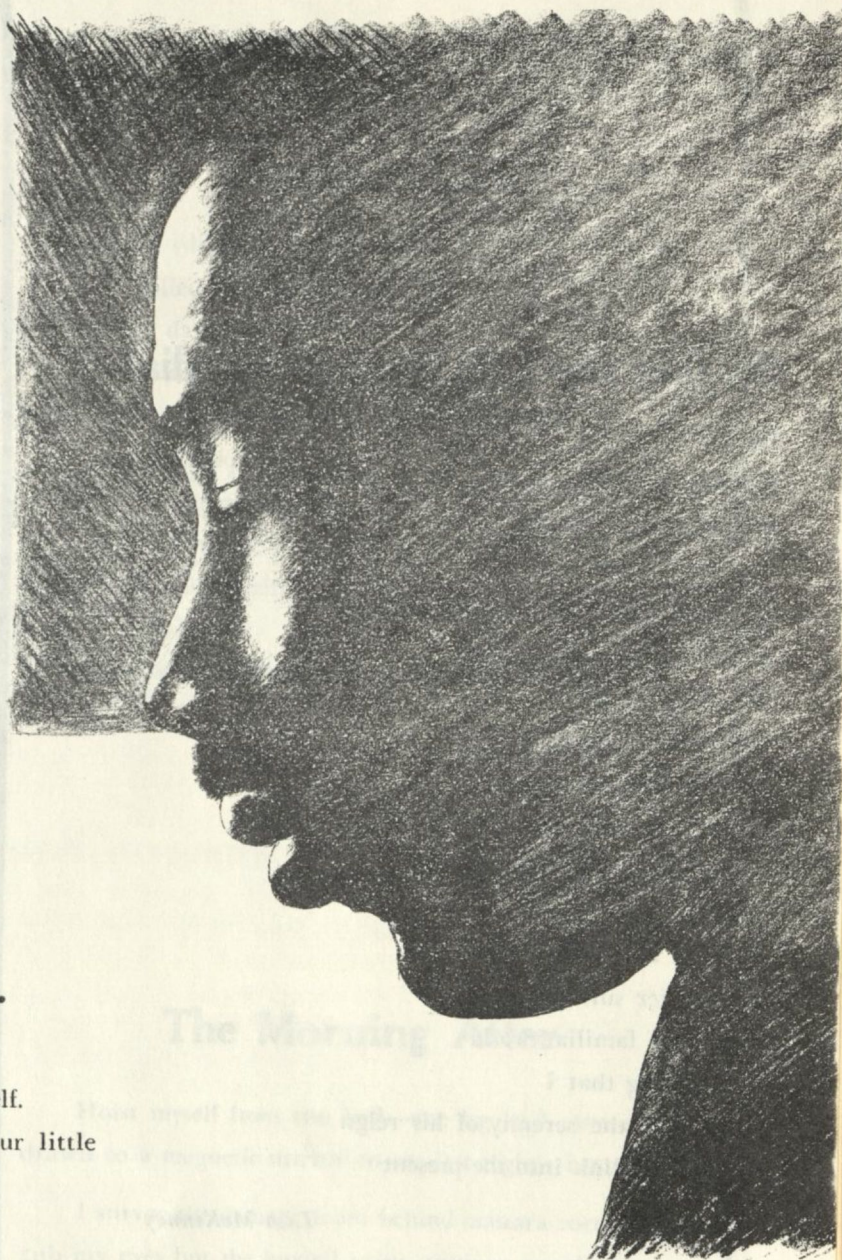
*Maude Laslie*



## pianos often pause . . .

pianos often pause to say good morning  
and elephant toenails are clipped by god himself.  
oh oh oh yes i quite realize that we must have all our little  
symbols for all our little follies.  
even so and forevermore always true it is  
there i go clanging symbolic cymbals,  
running away into To Being,  
with symbolic  
slobbering  
bloodhounds  
baying for my blood.

*Maude Laslie*



*Nancy Jackson*



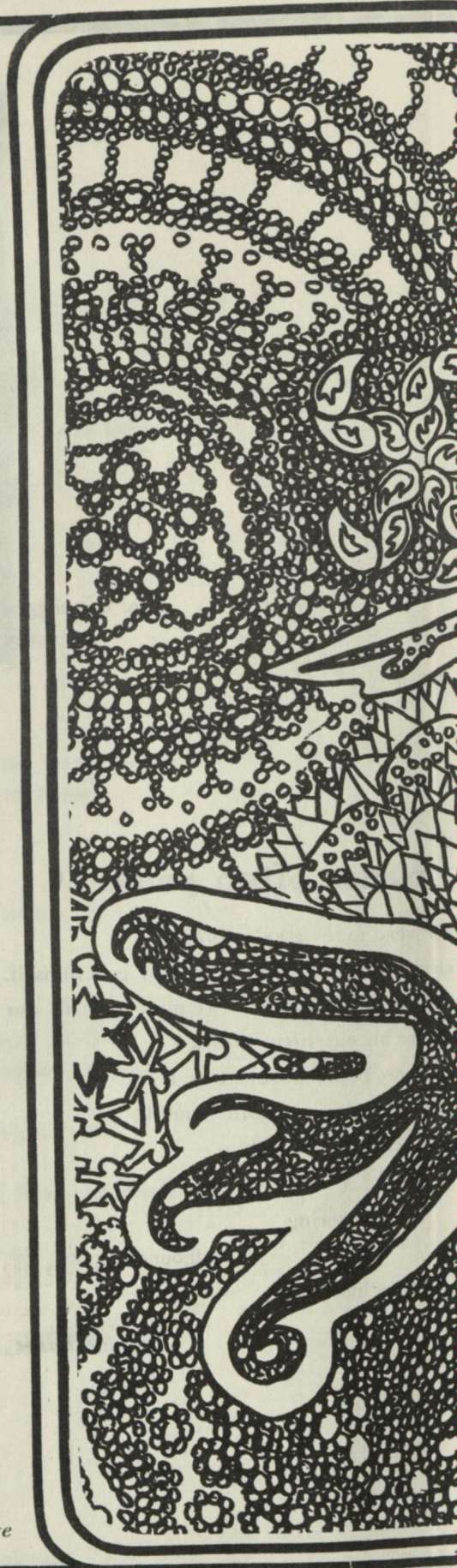
## the day the lake went primordial:

liquid  
blowing soft over my eyes  
playing at my temple  
and the . . . ah . . .  
changing light the view sometimes  
under-exposed (pale green  
and misty water)  
slowly sudden turns into  
the rich green foliage of  
LAKE as seen by first-man  
accomplished with just the  
slightest  
flicker of an eyelid  
the monster surfaces and  
surveys his familiar world  
not knowing that i  
can destroy the serenity of his reign  
with an eyeblink into the present

*Lisa McKinney*

(dedicated to jill and time-trippers whenever you are)

Psilocybin Monster  
by Eloise Whitmire







## Number Poem

I dreamed silverships sailing sky  
    piled high with night  
Dreaming day  
My wings melted feet before i touched them  
and knowing yesterday i heard building calls  
    from liquid god  
Timberline songs swelled  
    into wings  
I saw silver ships sailing  
    giving  
In stillness quick, quiet drinks of understanding  
    to Believers.

*Maude and Sue*

## The Morning After

Hoist myself from the bed—one leg lead, one rubber,  
drawn to a magnetic mirror to see last night's brand.

I survey the damage from behind mascara racoon-rings,  
rub my eyes but the busted veins continue crawling.

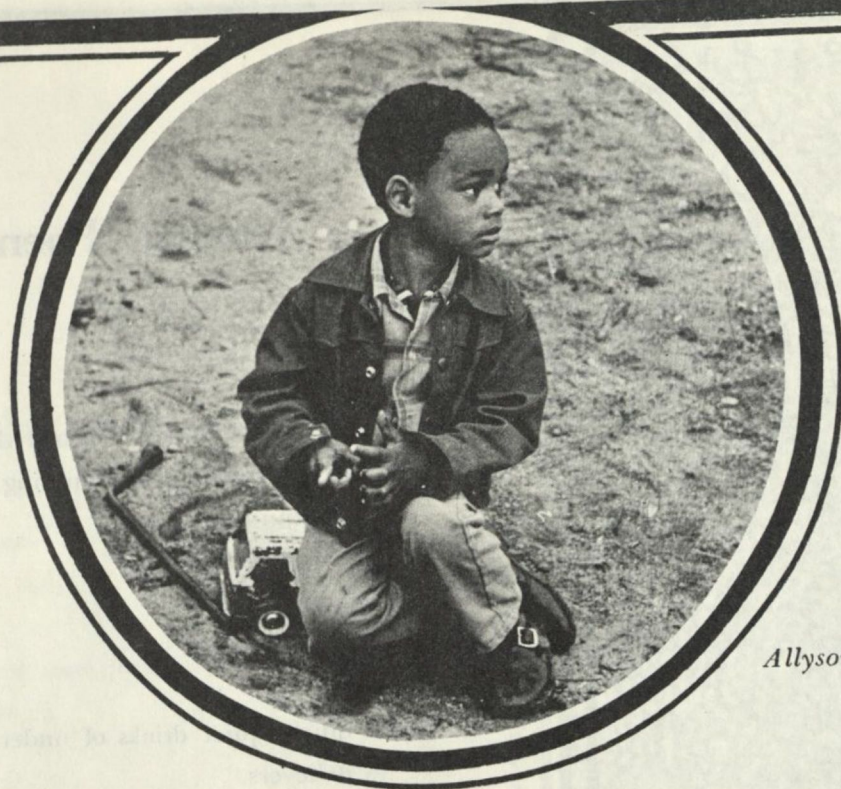
Eyebrows have lost all sense of direction,  
they lie twisted on saggy apple jelly skin.

Tender inner-tube lips try to hide  
a shrivled tongue in its slick cage of teeth.

The party me—partly me—has crumpled,  
leaving a clown without a show.

*Florence Barnes*





*Allyson Harmon*

## Chameleon Kitchen Boy

The kitchen boy of elastic building blocks,  
black face  
white uniform,

jerks through chunky chores, all wound up  
in a nightmare performance for another's dream.  
A driver up for air. He Speaks, then

streaks  
to  
the  
bottom!

He brandishes a knife, only made of putty,  
in assistance to the surgeon-chef.

Dreamily-drearily, he glides through a sterile theater  
of gleaming fairy metal, drifting in cotton candy  
until the timed gate creaks . . . OPEN.

Then wrinkled uniform now removed as a snake sheds its skin,  
his dark body clashes with the kitchen cave.

He dons a paletteful of armour,  
each piece a drool of fireworks down a barren sky.  
Cement dries in his spine and muscle fibers turn to steel.  
The screen door swings and

he leaves,  
a butterfly.

*Florence Barnes*



Dreams,

A void

Across time

and space

Bridge to former consciousness

Revealing to our small minds

Things we once knew

Only to be forgotten

In the

morning light.

*Jeanine Godbout*

## Song

Make me a pitcher, Lord!

Fill me full of your wisdom,

then tip me gently,

and spill my heart

To make the flowers grow.

*Jenny*

Against the night, I'll lay my head;

In fresh furrowed earth, I'll make my bed

And shackle my arms to old oak roots.

The fingers of my mind are accustomed to feeling  
The strong-boned rocks, the well-muscled dark  
Of the long stretching earth's arms, and the sky's tears  
Hung on a shimmering web of flesh stretched across  
Some grey-green hackberry's hair.

Dear God, good God, shall you cut off those hands

At my death and take away the warm dirt

And strong trees? Is that eternity?

Then I'll not go. I'll take my leave.

Against the night, I'll lay my head . . .

*anonymous*

## Rose Dust

I would like to say

That I do not make friends

By the way they look,

Or think,

or act;

By the green toenails,

Or the way they react

To a beautiful day,

Or the things that are most important.

I would like to say

That there is equality

In education,

Or recreation,

Or work;

In the heavy braille textbook

Three years out of date,

Or the crutches on the sideline,

Or the man who learned his trade . . . Inside.

I would like to say

I see a future

In industry,

Or the military,

Or life;

In the stinking ooze

Of a once-great lake,

Or the eternal "fastest-mostest" race,

Or the disappearing spaces in our world.

But,

I cannot.

And I try to hide myself

In the belief

That there is nothing

I

can do.

Strengthen Thou my unbelief.

*Ginny Slack*





*Kasse Andrews*

Good-bye games  
Played by many  
Understood by a few.

And WHY Lord  
Am I the farewell Handshake?

*Cam Denham*

## The Goat Poem I

In the black of the stall he opened his eyes,  
Then breathed the dung, heard straw fall  
From the wooden-armed skies.  
The kid pushes hard on his knees, lifts his head  
manger-high,

And walks the brown dust.  
The horn-crowned buck will lead them out.  
The heavy-seeded, muscle-loined black buck will lead  
them out  
To the chablis streams and the absinthe fields.

The man-born kid bleat and stands,  
Tied to the wooden womb,  
Amazed at the sun  
And the water-trough sky.

*Anonymous*

she wrote of death  
and called to the "dark one"  
for the "silent kiss"

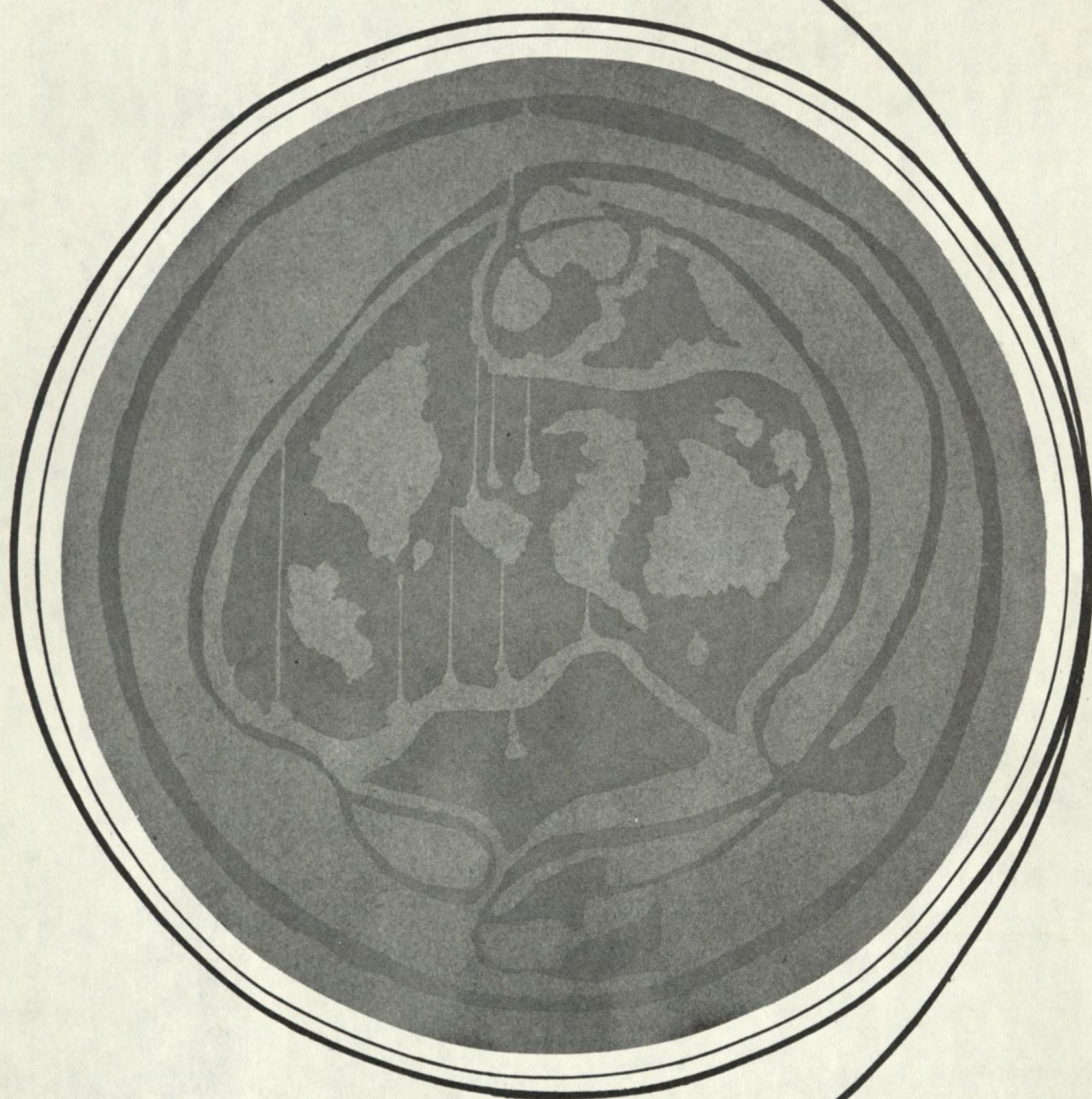
but how can i  
cut through her tangled  
maze of wishes  
when i too  
am screaming—  
not to die  
but for the opportunity  
to live

my sister  
my sister  
we are one in the web  
but the spider's poison  
is nothing  
to the free soul; powerless  
to the sunrise and the wind

my sister  
my sister  
death is satisfaction only  
to the opposition  
wake up and taste the goodness  
of the morning

*Lisa McKinney*



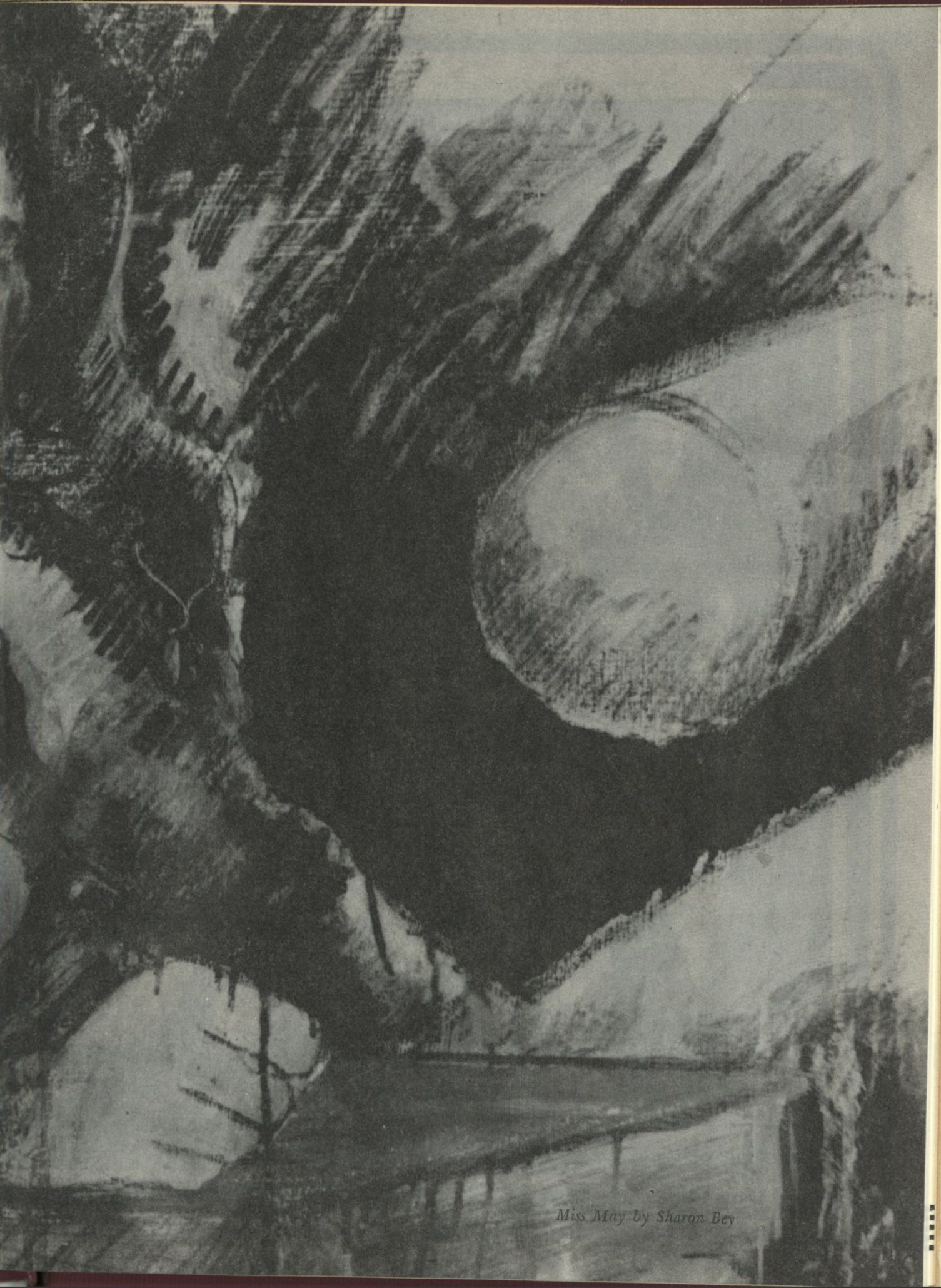


*Janice Hooks*









*Miss May by Sharon Bey*





Mini Mag Long Rifle 22 High Velocity by Sharon Bey



## A Mock Battle

Ears of the earth prick up over the placid plains,  
an uneasy truce of elements reins.  
The spell is broken by whiplash winds!  
Yanked and slapped, branches bend.  
Lightning stabs vainly at the ground,  
a deadly missile without a sound.  
Leaf skeets are tossed in the beginning plunder,  
up they go, to be shot in thunder.  
Rain comes and forms a translucent screen,  
the heat of the battle cannot be seen.  
A panicked moth, wings fluttering wide,  
struggles, a swimmer in the storm's rip-tide.  
Wind, Thunder, Lightning, Rain!  
The allies advance with a spreading stain.  
Thud, thud . . . an artillery of hail  
plummets its way through the rain-veil.  
Ranks of raindrops have fallen and clouds move on,  
a whispered wind command and they are gone.  
Rumbles of thunder bring up the rear,  
lightning flickers through a sky that is clear.  
The giants have left the unvanquished earth,  
replenished, revived, ready for birth.

*Florence Barnes*

## Damn It

There are no days in May  
When it doesn't rain anymore—  
And they're my clouds,  
the large puffed black ones.  
And they're my days—  
the black ones.  
I've tried, God knows I have.  
Each time I reach up, almost  
Touching the heavens,  
The rains of hell rush down upon my face.  
Goals shattered,  
Body soaked with FAILURE.  
"To be or not to be"  
And all that crap.  
If it were not for the martyr in me,  
I'd suffer the world,  
to save my soul?  
You question my policy—  
You say it's a gamble.  
Ah! Isn't it all?  
The cheap little thrills  
Food, Booze, and Sex.  
And money buys them  
ALL.  
The nerves of my lip are jumping.  
My trigger finger smiles and waves "bye-bye."  
"Say bye-bye to mama."  
"Has anyone ever told you,  
that you walk with one shoulder higher  
than the other?"  
Only the broken mirror . . . . .

*anonymous*



# Lullaby for Nancy

If all of my wishes were pennies, what a rich girl I would  
be But wishes too seldom are granted, And none have been  
gran-ted to me. If all of my dreams were of diamond, I'd  
blind all the people I'd meet Dreams are on-ly for Dreamers, they'll  
tell you 'cause they'll bring you noth-ing to eat. And tho' there is  
faith to move mountains It won't buy the goods in a store;  
still, if all of my hopings were rain drops, The world would be  
flooded once more. If all of my friendships were bright stars,  
what a bright evening it would seem, And there will al-ways be rain bows,  
As long as children can dream.

words and music by Virginia Slack



Very little joy is left in me.  
 An old and tired wine fruit,  
     I have been picked from my vine  
     and ravaged  
     and strained.  
 Now left is a withered skin  
     tossed back into the vineyard.  
 My flesh will be trampled by the laborers  
     and eaten by worms  
     and I will fertilize next year's harvest  
     with learnings.

*Roberta Oertel*

## Coming Down

chasing stray breezes across treetops  
     I am cool and clean dressed in spring's  
     new-green green  
 awakened for the first-thousandth time  
     to swift blowing things in the sky  
     drawing patterns for coloring  
 and yes, I will come down through the tall grasses  
     feet understanding — holding close — the warm  
     earth and  
 because I promised I will go to  
     moving riverbank—  
     you will love me with words  
 but you cannot keep me.

*Maude Laslie*

## When It Was Warm It Was

When it was warm it was summer. And when it was  
     warm  
     we wore our feet down to the sea and rejoiced  
     quietly  
     in the sand in our warm weather clothes.  
 It seems that we were laughing there—quite naturally  
     one—  
     being part of whatever we were part of, and being  
     all that  
     we were then—laughing there.  
 You to the plains and I to the mountains—  
     seas and sand are for warm times in summer.  
     Then you can wear your feet and be all.  
 Times become cold and big to hold—  
     feet must be bound in leather for walking  
     when sand becomes perfectly good dirt.  
 Should I meet you on a street in some seaside town  
     and have  
     you tell me that I ruined the life you'd planned,  
     I'd smile and say—  
     had I stayed our deaths would have been  
     quite natural, and so useless.

*Maude Laslie*

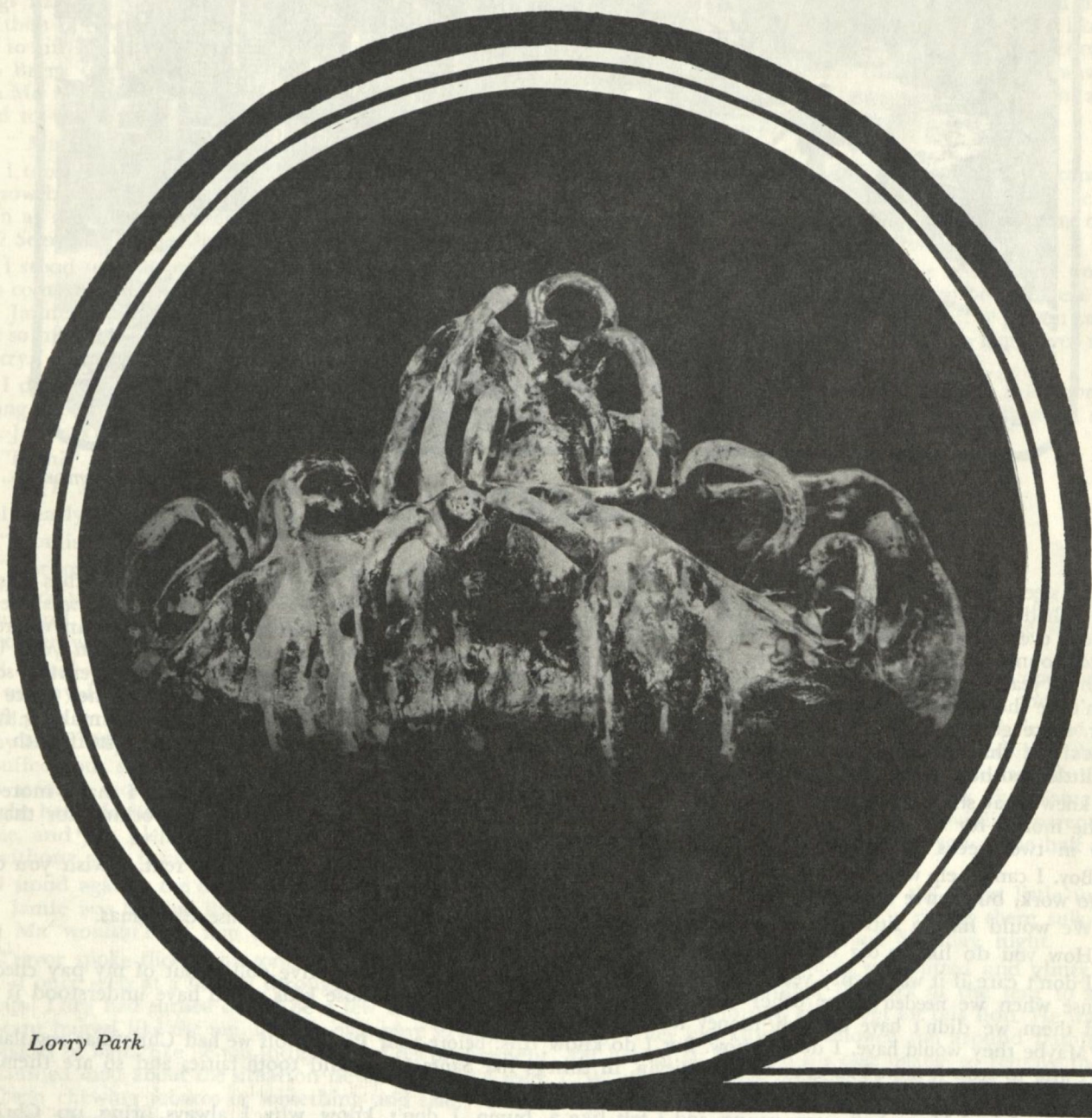


## The Young Child and the Goats

In hoof-pounding dung, the tennis shoes pad their way back and forth.  
The man-child peers into each stall, down every aisle,  
Then pushes the paddock gates closed.  
The bacchanalia begins.  
Like sparks from flints, the rubber shoes fly  
From rock to rock in the paddock rubble.  
Upward runs the fire, and hotter burns the flame,  
And the youth strips his shirt, his shoes.  
A hairless chest remains.  
The bellowing ribcage forces hot air through the straining nostrils;  
The poor brain flames with the burning blood as they run ever faster.  
Ever faster. Unwatchful and unknowing.  
The small disaster of a shattered toe, the pain of the many leg-lashes  
The milkweeds have slashed  
Are lost in the pain of labouring lungs and sweating nostrils  
And the pained eyes of the prey.  
Such beautiful pain, that the young runner must drink long and deep;  
Such pain, to be downed like the sweating ruby must;  
A hot, beady new wine.  
Such delight the child feels, his arms stretched out for a leg, the neck—  
Any part will suffice.  
If it pulls down the kid, it is right.  
It is right.  
Alone or not, he runs for the goats.  
They all run the goats. They live everywhere, every time.  
Turn the child, the tennis-shoed child loose in a barnyard.  
He'll run the goats.  
I have, too.  
His breath will never grow too hot.  
His head will not be clear, but leading on after the goats it goes.  
The man-child gallops. His turns ever sharpen.  
He drinks the mind-bending wine of fear;  
And ever the muscle bulge and shrink,  
Ever the ribs rise and quake,  
And forever the heart would shake and shake, push and pull its frame apart  
To run round the universe after the goat.  
Always he would shed his shoes and cut his feet  
And push his hands through barb wire thickets  
To wrap his fingers, his young hands around the throat, a leg of the goat.  
I will run for the kids. No pain shall I feel  
But the sweet ache of my muscles.  
I will drink the wine of my courage and fear.  
I will drink and drink til I am drunk,  
Stoned on my sweating, bloodied, quaking ass;  
Drunk with the love of prey in my hands,  
Alive and loving or dead and devoured.  
I will run for the goats. The blood-thickened, fear-sweetened, piss-watered  
wine  
I'll drink til I'm drunk on my ass,  
Like the maenads before and the flower child after.

anonymous





Lorry Park





*Allyson Harmon*

## JACKET

*by Jill Gerber*

The sleeves on my dress jacket were too short for me last year, now they came up at least four inches past my wrists. I had asked Mama then for a new one, but she'd just laughed like she was doing now like it was the funniest joke ever told. "Gracious boy you don't have any need for a new jacket, you ain't got any use going anywhere you have to flounce around in one of them sports coats. The only reason I got you that one is because when your Uncle died three years ago you needed it to wear then." I turned my back to her, my face against the refrigerator so she couldn't see the tears that were gathering in my eyes. I felt her soft hand rubbing my neck lightly and her voice grew deeper, more gentle. "Now boy, don't get your feathers all ruffled out of shape, I didn't mean to be making fun at you, it's just that the plain and simple fact is we don't have no money to go buying all that fine stuff with when your little brother, Billy, ain't even got a winter jacket that's wearable.

I knew what she said was true and I wish I had cut out my tongue rather than say what I did. "I make more than half the money for this family. I pull in more on the construction work in a week than you do working for that rich family in two weeks. If they're so high and mighty how come they don't pay you enough to live on."

"Boy, I can't help what I make, but it just ain't enough to feed seven children and pay the rent. I wish you didn't have to work, but you're the oldest and so you do."

"We would have a little extra if you hadn't of gone out and bought all that nonsense Christmas."

"How you do like to dig up old skeletons, Jim, t. at was two months ago."

"I don't care if it was twenty years ago, the fact remains that you took twenty five dollars out of my pay check for nonsense when we needed it for other things like a new jacket for Billy. Those kids would have understood if you'd a told them we didn't have enough money for Christmas this year."

— "Maybe they would have, I don't know. But I do know this: before your Pa run off we had Christmas regular, and I don't aim to stop it now. You grew up believin' in things like Santa Claus and tooth fairies and so are them little uns. Now I don't want to hear any more about it."

By now I had Mama half ways crying, and I felt like a bump. I don't know why I always bring up Christmas everytime I get mad. I know how much it hurts her. I just don't know what gets into me. Anyway I run out of the door, slamming it hard; I heard Mama yelling for me to take a jacket that it was cold out, but I just ran on out. I saw her come to the door and heard her call out my name twice—"Jim . . . Jim, boy . . ." Then I reckon she just went to the kitchen table and cried some because I found her there like that when I came back home.

I walked a little ways down the block to a house that had burned down last spring. In the front lawn stood a tree, a climbing tree of my younger days. When J. W. Greene and I had been best friends it was in those very branches that we had swapped secrets and swore to be best friends for ever unto death. Now the tree stood cold and silent, the branches naked and rotting, the trunk slightly charred from the fire that had destroyed the house. I stood there letting the trunk block the cold wind and rubbed my head against its rotting bark. Words that had long ago been buried



beneath everyday gettin' by now came to mind. "J. W., I aim to leave this town. I swear before God I'm going to leave this place before I'm sixteen, and I ain't coming back until I'm rich. Then I'll take in Mama and the kids and we'll have three mansions and travel in Europe every summer. J. W. let's go in and play . . ." Words and places dropped back again into vague recollections. So here I was seventeen and still here. Pa had gone now, taking with him all his liquor and cussing and rough ways he seemed to pick up in the past few years, but we were still poor. And the way I saw it I wouldn't be able to leave home until Mary Lou, the youngest, was grown up and sixteen. By that time I would be over thirty, and then Ma would be too old to work and I would have to take her in. Not that I would have it otherwise, but it just didn't much look like I would ever be leaving Haven Groves at this rate. I sat down and leaned my back against the tree. I had alot of figuring out to do. I had my dreams, they weren't as broad or as high as some. I wasn't wanting any three mansion or any summer vacations in Europe either, but there were other things I did want—things like a new sports jacket to wear and being able to take a girl out somewhere, maybe to dinner and a movie and then maybe a car to drive out to old man Fuller's grove after the show. And there were other things, too, like being able to finish up high school and getting a little vocational training so I could do something besides construction work with Brent Cartwell and Son. I wanted all them things, but I knew I could never have them as long as I was living with Ma in Haven Groves. I sat around thinking about what to do awhile longer until Jamie who was thirteen, and the third to the oldest of us kids came by with my sweater.

"Ma sent me out to find you and give you this."

I took it but said nothing. Jamie stood his ground. He was small for his age not yet having gotten his second spurt of growth. His feet were planted firmly, slighting apart; he stood rigid with his arms crossed on his chest; he stared down at me, his eyes flashing a bit with anger. He was too tiny to look so fierce. "Why did you make Mama cry like that? Seems like to me lately you been getting pleasure from making Ma cry just like Pa used to."

I stood up and gently laid my hands on Jamie's shoulders. God, he was bony. He used to be my pal; he would always come to me first when he was hurt or in trouble. Now it seemed like we were almost getting to be strangers. "Look here Jamie, I don't aim to make Ma cry. It makes me feel rotten inside when she cries like that, but a person can only hold so much of . . . of this inside before he has to let it go. I . . . I . . . doubt Pa ever got pleasure from ever making her cry."

I dropped my hands to my side and rubbed my hands to and fro across my jeans. I could feel the dust from work coming off onto my hands and I guessed I should have Ma wash them. For a few minutes there was only night sounds, then Jamie kind of half ways cleared up his throat. "Jim?"

"Huh?"

"We'll always be best pals won't we?"

I nearly hugged Jamie's skinny little self till I ached inside. "Always!"

"Promise me, Jim."

"I promise you. Come on now lets me and you go home and make Ma smile again."

"Race you to the kitchen steps. I get a head start cause I'm youngest!" Jamie took off down the walk, his legs beating up and down like pistons; my eyes followed his hard, wiry little body until he disappeared into the shadows at the corner where our house is.

I found Mama at the kitchen table with her face resting in her hands. I kissed her cheek; it was damp and the moisture on my lips tasted faintly of salt. I hated myself for what I had done. "I'm sorry Mama, forgive me?"

Mama removed her hands from her face and looked down at me. I was hunched down by her chair and sitting on my heels. My toes were cramping abit, but I didn't want to move just yet. Her eyes were wet and red, her face a little puffed, but she laid her warm, damp hand against my cheek and smiled. "Boy, I love you so." We sat like that for a few seconds more, until Sue came in crying because Mary Lou had scribbled in her coloring book that Santa Claus brought her. Ma jumped up. Her voice having lost all traces of sorrow was deep and husky with joviality, parental discipline, and just plain old tenderness. "You children would argue with a fence post. I can't leave you alone half a minute without you fussing and fighting. I don't know what. . ."

I stood against the door way a looking at Ma and the kids. She was a telling stories to the three little uns, the girls. Jamie was helping Billy with his homework in the corner, and then there was Trevor a sitting there sulking because Ma wouldn't let him off anywhere for two weeks because he'd come home drunk Saturday night.

Trevor spoke flicking his tongue in and out at intervals to moisten his lips. His eyes were slitted and glinty like a lion I'd once seen at a passing through carnival. J. W. and me had snuck in through the back of the tent to see the animals. They had turned out to be a few bony, old toothless, scaggy haired things, all except for this lion. He was poor and scant haired like the rest, but his eyes were so wild and angry. They just kind of followed you around flashing out like sparks of hate, like he was indignant of his predicament. Yet he just sat there in his cage unable to remove the bars, but damned mad about the situation never-the-less. I'd told J. W. that I bet that lion would escape, but J. W. spit like he'd been chewing tobacco or something and said, "They'll shoot him if he does." Then we'd walked on to a monkey with dull, sleepy eyes.

"You can't keep me locked in here forever. I'll leave this hole. You'll be sorry you ever did this to me. I hate you all!" More and more lately when I saw the anger in Trevor's face I thought back to that lion.

"Trevor, you're going to go to hell for saying that."

Mama lay her hand over Sue's mouth to hush her. "Trevor, I think you had better sit in the kitchen alone until you can learn to speak with a civil tongue in front of the family. It's your own contrariness that keeps you home tonight."

"Don't any of you understand?" Trevor hit his fist against the couch; the worn fabric gave way and a puff of cotton jumped out. Trevor jumped up like someone had kicked him in the seat of his britches. He looked around



quickly as if he'd just robbed someone and was checking for the law. Then he just ran past me like he was being chased. I heard the kitchen screen slam. Ma jumped up, but then she just sat down again and rubbed her head for a few moments.

"He'll be back before tomorrow. There just ain't nowhere else he can go." The energy seemed to have been drained from her voice, and she suddenly looked old and tired and her hand shook as she spoke. "Come on kids get yourselves into bed, your Mama's tired."

I could hear Mama getting the kids ready for bed as I stood looking out the window. The street was dark and empty. Then I saw Trevor leaning against the telephone post that sits across the street. His hands were in his pockets. He just stood there staring off into the dark for about five minutes. Then two other boys came along. One of them had something, a bottle I guess, in a paper bag. Trevor took a swig from it and then tossed it on the grass by the post. He joined the two as they walked on down the street; he ran a few feet in front of them and turned around walking backwards with his arms out; then he turned back around, falling in step once more. I looked after the three until they blended into the night; then I stared at the top of the paper bag as it beat back and forth in rhythm with the wind.

I walked into the kitchen and sat down at the table. It was a bare ugly room with a solitary unshaded bulb that turned on by a pull chain rather than a light switch. In the center of the room, directly under the bulb was the table, a large round beat up job that had been in that spot as long as I could remember. When we were really little, me and Trevor, I must have been about four or five, Pop used to put us on top of the table in a little plastic green tub to wash us. I remember a small boat he made us with soap on the end where the motor should be, and when you set it in the water it would go without you pushing it. We once had a puppy dog named Lassie, but the dog catchers got him. Pop had found him and brought him home for me and Trevor and Jamie. Jamie was too little to talk very good so he would sit around and call the pup Assie, instead of Lassie.

I sat at the table for an hour thinking about the past all the way up until now, and then I thought on now and three weeks or a year from now, the length of time really made little difference. I stared around; everything was barren and ugly. The plaster was cracked, the furniture torn, there was eight of us packed in four tiny rooms. And I knew it would never, never as long as I lived get any better. It'd always been this way and it'd always be this way until I died.

I stood up and turned out the light and then groped through the dark to the room us boys slept in. I stood in the door till my eyes got used to the night. A touch of moon light was shining through the windows onto Jamie's curly head. He had kicked off the covers and was sleeping all curled up in a little ball. I pulled the covers back over him, and he stretched out a smiling in his sleep. Billy was snoring again so I rolled him over, but it didn't do any good; he still kept on snoring. Trevor's spot was empty, but I knew he would be here by morning; he always was. From under my bed I pulled an old cardboard suitcase, the same one Ma had taken with her to the hospital when she'd had all us kids. It's seams had been taped and retaped with black electricians' tape and, and the place where the lock went was broken so it had to be held together by a bit of string, but it was good enough for my few cloths. I put on my good pants and my Sunday shirt and tie. I grabbed my jacket, but it was still four inches short in the sleeves, so I decided to leave it for Jamie; he'd grow into it, and I would be buying another before too long anyway.

I walked into the kitchen and pulled on the light. From beneath the sink I took an old detergent box and poured out our savings onto the table. Thirty two dollars and twenty two cents—I counted twice to make sure. From the small pile I pulled out two fives and a ten and stuffed into my pocket. The rest I put back into the detergent box underneath the sink. I picked up my suitcase and walked to the door.

"Where you going?"

I turned around; Jamie was standing at the door that came from the living room. His hair was all frizzed up, and he rubbed his eyes and yawned. He was wearing some pajamas with Indians on it Pop had given him two Christmases ago. "You don't have to go look for Trevor; he'll show up in the . . ." Suddenly his voice quit and he stared at my suitcase. His mouth opened slightly; his eyes widened and lost their glazed, sleepy look. His voice shook and he was crying. "You ain't going to look for Trevor; you're leaving us like Pa did. You're leaving me behind. You're never coming back."

I had to stop Jamie from crying before he woke up the whole house. I got down on my knees and hugged him hard. At first he cried on my shoulder with his arms around my neck like he used to when he was little. "Don't leave me Jim; please don't leave me. I love you so much. It hurts me to see you leave me."

"Look Jamie, I ain't going for ever. I'm just going long enough to get some extra money. Then I'll come back and fetch you and Ma and the kids. It won't be long, I promise."

Jamie's body stiffened. I had been rubbing my hand up and down his shaking back, now he pushed me away and stood rigid, cold and hard as steel, with his arms folded and his feet slightly apart. It seemed he'd grown a bit lately. Maybe he was finally getting that second spurt. He was still little and skinny, but he was bigger seeming than he used to be. His eyes slitted up, and his mouth became two hard lines. His words came out from behind clinched teeth.

"You're lying. You ain't ever coming back again, and you ain't my pal no more. I hate you. You make Mama cry, and I hate you for it."

His hard chin was beginning to quiver; some tears were rolling down his cheek, and I reckoned I needed to set out before he started crying again and woke Ma up. I tried to run my hand through his hair, but he pushed it away.

"So long Jamie. Tell Ma I love her."

He said nothing; he just stood there glaring at me. I walked out the door being careful not to slam the screen. I thought I heard Jamie call my name, but I guessed it was the wind or something. My nose needed blowing, but I had forgotten handkerchieves. I walked East toward the train station; I reckoned I would wait on the bench till the ticket office opened in the morning.



nerves screaming  
the eternity of electricity  
burning my soul  
a deadly  
déjà vu  
as samson sleeps  
head in my lap  
and i reach  
for the shears

### **inertia**

i am stoned.  
i can not move.

your words  
are in  
the distance  
they make no sense-  
they serve no purpose  
we are playing  
parlor games

with  
the mind  
it takes courage to  
break loud silence  
with a giggle . . .

*Lisa McKinney*

help me, i said  
the flower said no  
and i died  
only to realize the  
significance  
of one syllable words



Your old road is  
Rapidly agin'  
Please get out of the new one  
If you can't lend your hand  
For the times they are a-changin'.

—*Bob Dylan*



# WITHERING HEIGHTS

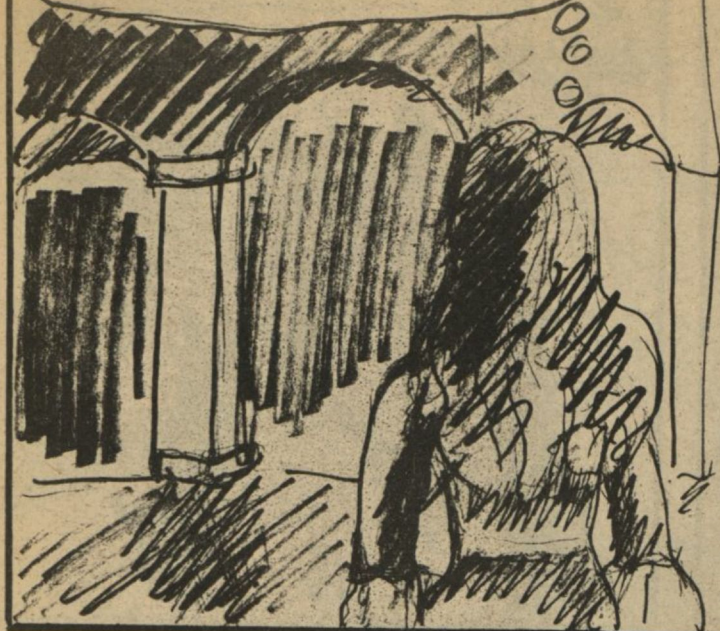








WHOEVER WOULD HAVE GUESSED  
THAT TWO LONG YEARS AGO WHEN  
I ENTERED BENEATH THOSE  
FORBODING WORDS VETERIMUS ET  
OPTIMUS (OLDEST AND BEST)  
THAT SUCH A FOUL DEED COULD  
HAVE BEFALLEN ME?



KATHERINE LERNAL GETS WELCOMED

THEY SEEMED SO  
FRIENDLY & SINCERE...



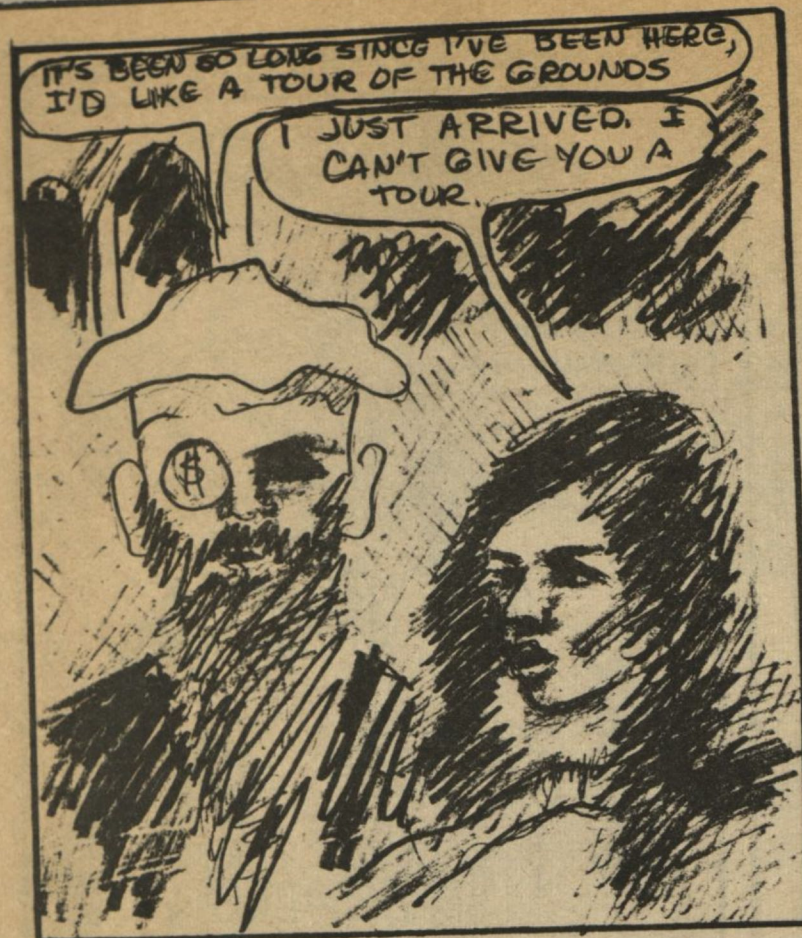
HOW DO YOU DO? I AM RUSTY  
TRUSTFORD. WE ARE ALL SO PLEASED  
THAT YOU HAVE JOINED OUR  
LITTLE FAMILY



WE HAVE SUCH A NICE GROUP OF  
YOUNG LADIES HERE AT WITHERING  
HEIGHTS. I'M SURE THAT YOU'LL BE  
HAPPY & ENJOY IT HERE.









THEY ENTER A SMALL LIVING AREA...

WHAT A COMMODIOUS  
ABODE!

YES, I HEAR THEY  
HAVE THREE  
FLOORS



THIS IS A PERFECT TIME  
FOR YOU TO MEET SOME  
OF OUR YOUNG LADIES.



GET OUT OF MY WAY, I'M  
LATE, I'M LATE FOR A VERY  
IMPORTANT DATE.



I'M THE NEW HEAD MISTRESS OF  
THIS INSTITUTION. YOU WERE  
VERY RUDE TO RUSTY TRUSTY.  
HE'S HERE TO CHECK ON ANY  
CHANGES YOU GIRLS WOULD LIKE.  
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS?

A HAIRDRESSER, A SAUNA,  
& A DATING SERVICE. I'M  
SORRY, I'M LATE.









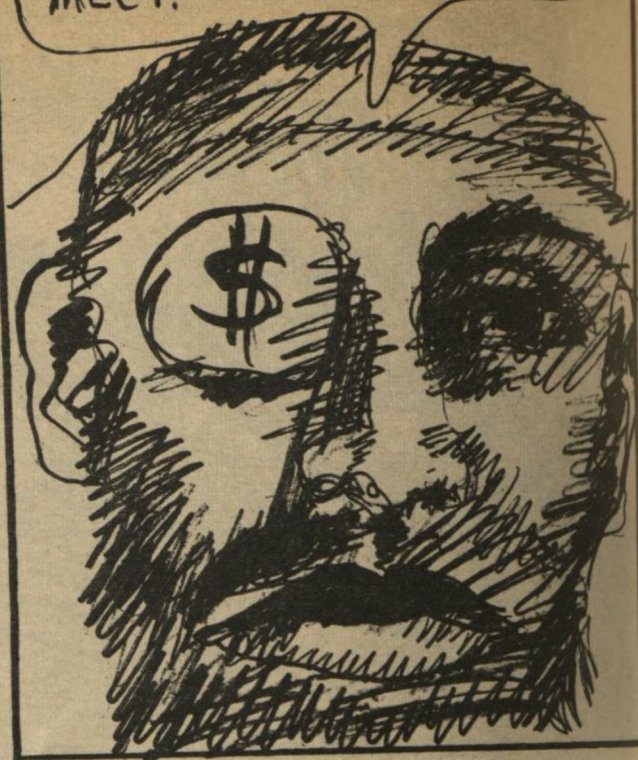




DO YOU HAVE DRINKING ON  
CAMPUS? CERTAINLY NOT

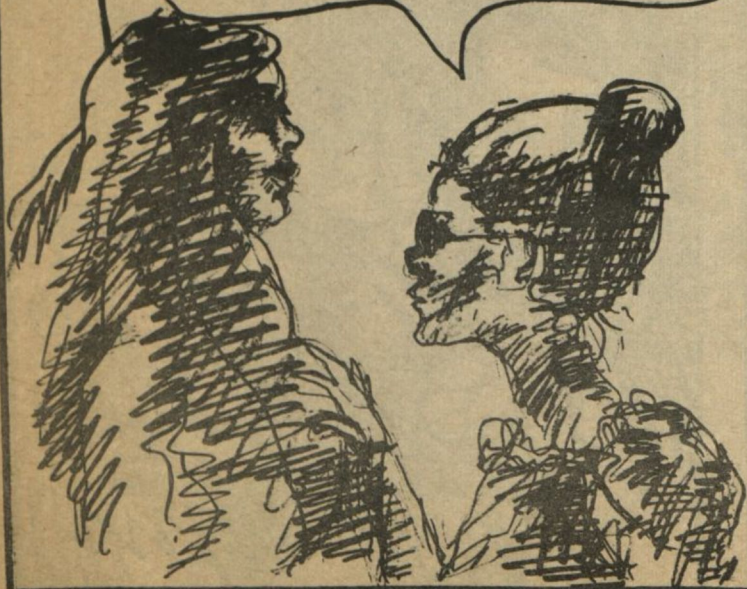


COME ALONG TO 3<sup>RD</sup> FLOOR,  
I HAVE SOME REAL  
SCHOLARS I WANT YOU TO  
MEET.



DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS  
FOR CHANGES?

MY FAVORITES ARE CHAUCER  
& SHAKESPEARE, WHICH OF  
SHAKESPEARE'S CHARACTERS  
DO YOU THINK WAS MOST  
TRAGIC? IF HAMLET IS NOT  
YOUR ANSWER, ANALYZE  
BRUTUS.



WELL, I'VE SEEN 5 GROUPS  
OF STUDENTS SO FAR, IS  
THAT IT?

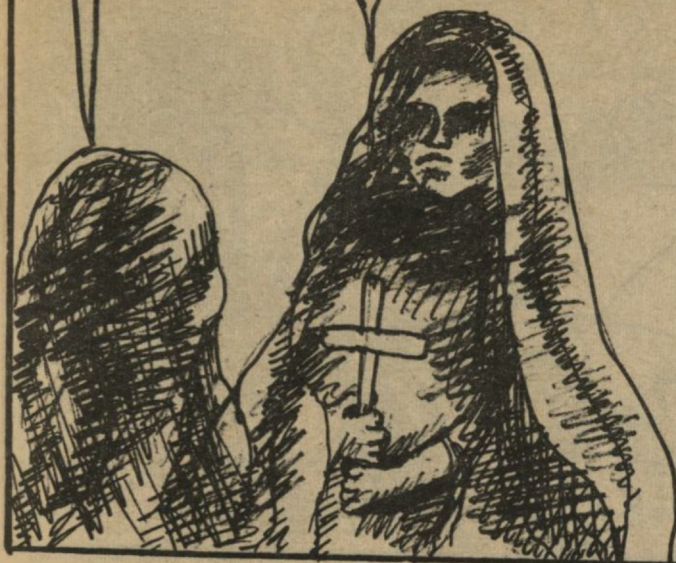
OH NO, YOU HAVEN'T  
MET THE GOOD GIRLS  
YET. THEY LIVE UP HERE  
TO BE CLOSER TO  
HIM, YOU KNOW





WHY ARE YOU HOLDING THE  
CROSS IN FRONT OF YOU  
LIKE THAT?

WELL, I LIKE TO KEEP  
IT BETWEEN ME &  
THOSE PEOPLE

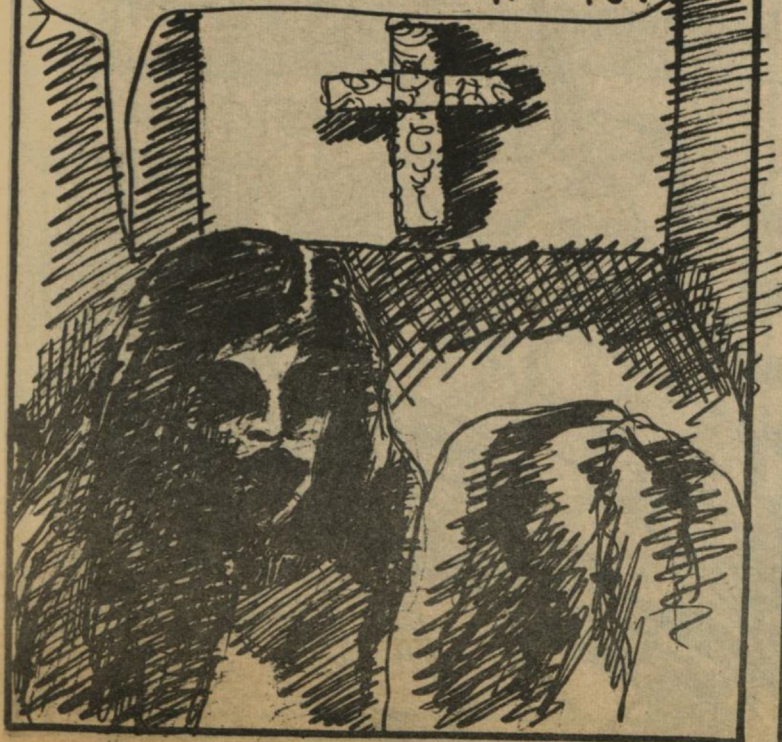


OH, I WAS WONDERING IF  
YOU HAVE ANY SUGGESTIONS  
FOR NEEDED CHANGES  
ON THIS CAMPUS?

WELL, THE CHAPEL  
COULD USE NEW  
CURTAINS



WELL, THAT WASN'T THE TYPE  
OF CHANGE I ACTUALLY HAD  
IN MIND. DO YOU EVER TALK  
OVER CAMPUS CONCERNS WITH  
ANY OF THE OTHER GROUPS?



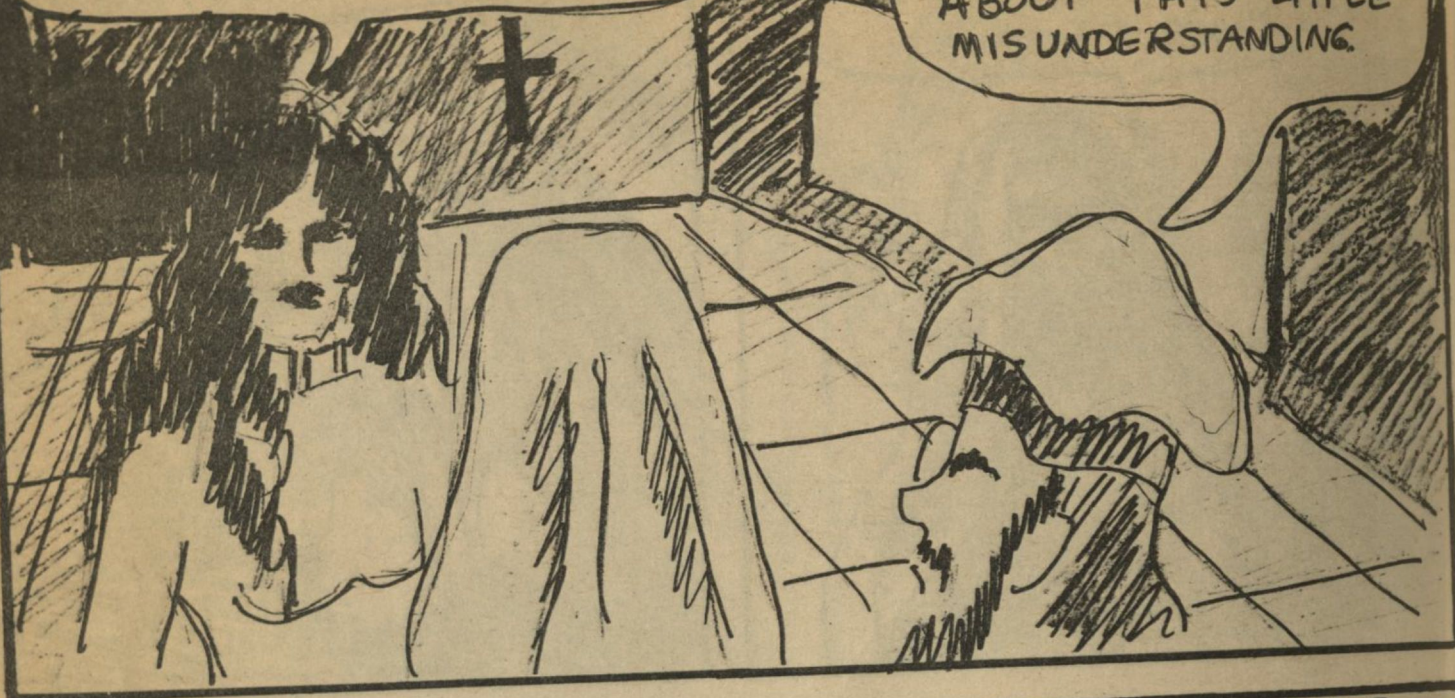
OH NO, I NEVER ASSOCIATE  
WITH THEM EXCEPT IN  
THE LINE OF DUTY.





THAT'S TOO BAD. I WAS HOPING  
THAT YOU COULD HELP ME WITH  
SOME IDEAS FOR NEW PROGRAMS  
THIS INSTITUTION NEEDS.

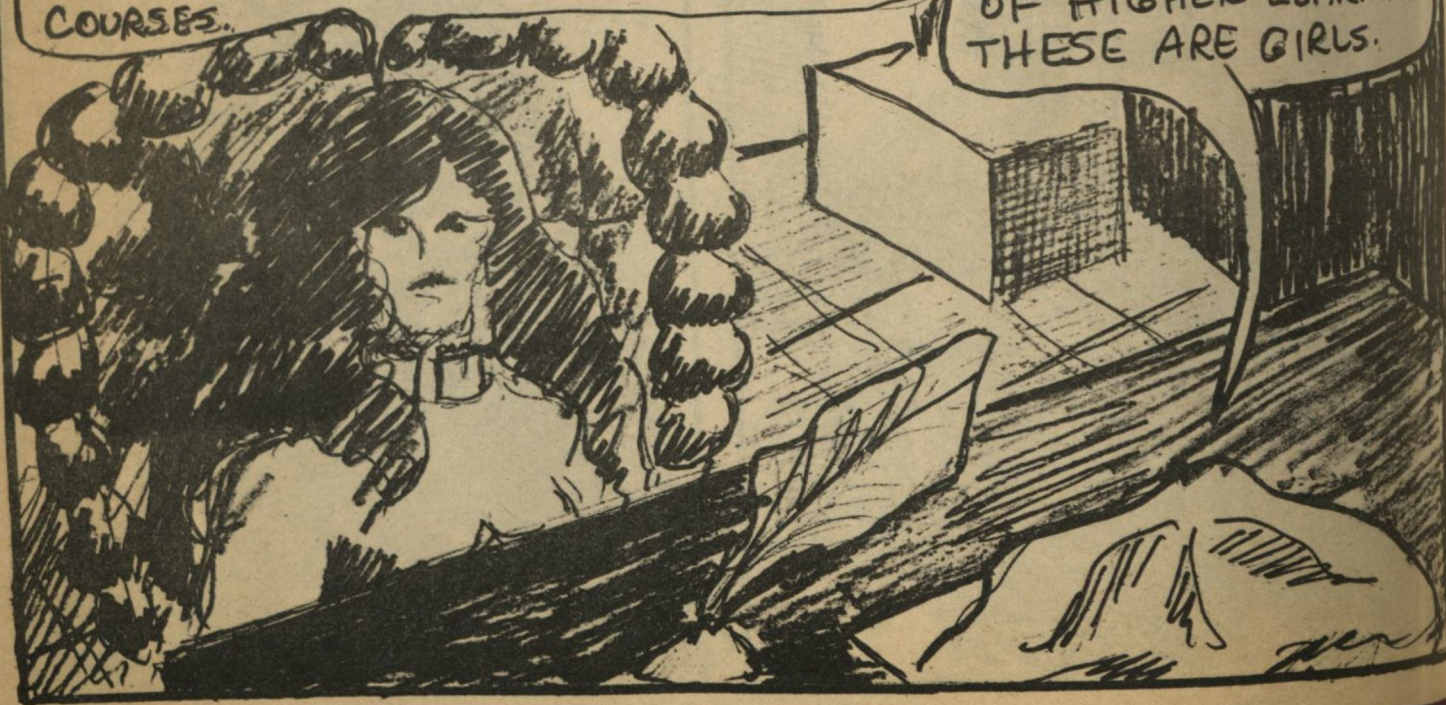
NEW PROGRAMS! WAIT  
A MINUTE! COME TO  
MY OFFICE. I FEEL  
WE NEED TO CHAT  
ABOUT THIS LITTLE  
MISUNDERSTANDING.



MOMENTS LATER... IN TRUSTY RUSTY'S OFFICE; THE TWO ENGAGE  
IN A HEATED DEBATE.....

IF YOU REFUSE TO LET THE STUDENTS  
HAVE AN ACADEMIC REVIEW BOARD,  
YOU COULD AT LEAST HIRE BETTER  
TEACHERS AND INITIATE MORE INOVATIVE  
COURSES.

INOVATIVE! GASP!  
HEAVENS NO! WHAT  
DO YOU THINK THIS  
IS? AN INSTITUTION  
OF HIGHER LEARNING?  
THESE ARE GIRLS.





WELL, IF THE CURRICULUM CANNOT BE IMPROVED AT LEAST IMPROVE THE COMMUNITY ITSELF. I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH ON MY TOUR TO SEE THE NEED FOR DRUG AND ALCOHOL AWARENESS PROGRAMS, AND CERTAINLY YOU CANNOT DENY THE NEED FOR A BIRTH CONTROL INFORMATION CENTER. AT LEAST, HIRE A PROFESSIONAL COUNSELOR.

OH NO, NO, NOT OUR GIRLS. THEY WOULDN'T NEED ANYTHING LIKE THAT!



KATHERINE, WHO WALKS PAST AN OFFICE SEES THE SECRETARY ON THE PHONE

THEN SHE SAID WE NEEDED A BIRTH CONTROL INFORMATION .... OH, I BETTER HUSH, THERE SHE IS.



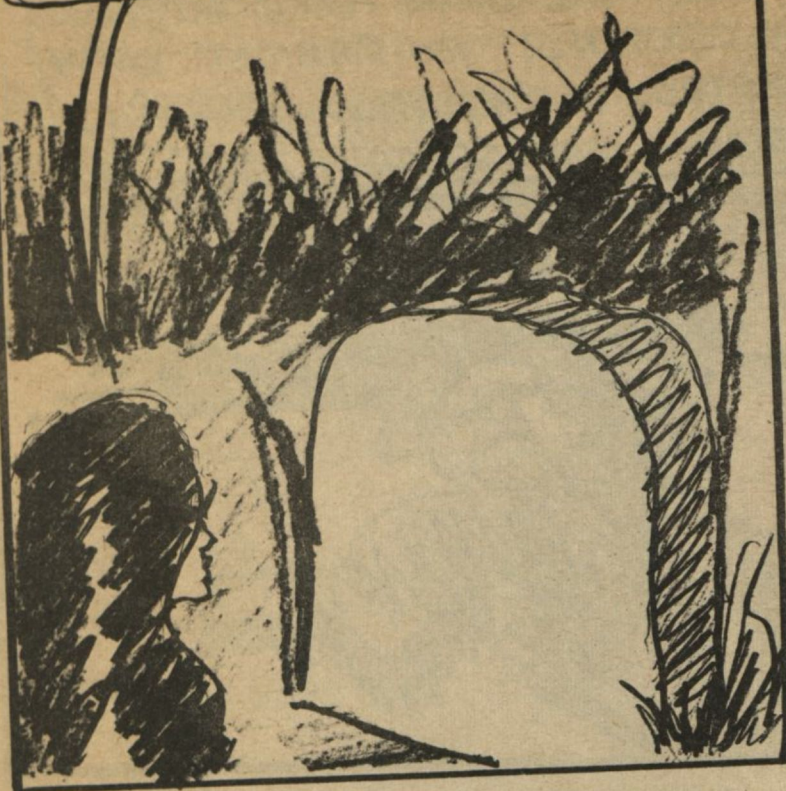
DISCUSTED, KATHERINE DECIDES TO TAKE A WALK AND THINK OUT THE PROBLEMS SHE'S ENCOUNTERED.

A GRAVEYARD IN THE MIDDLE OF CAMPUS ??





HERE'S A STONE WITHOUT A NAME.  
I WONDER WHO LIES HERE.

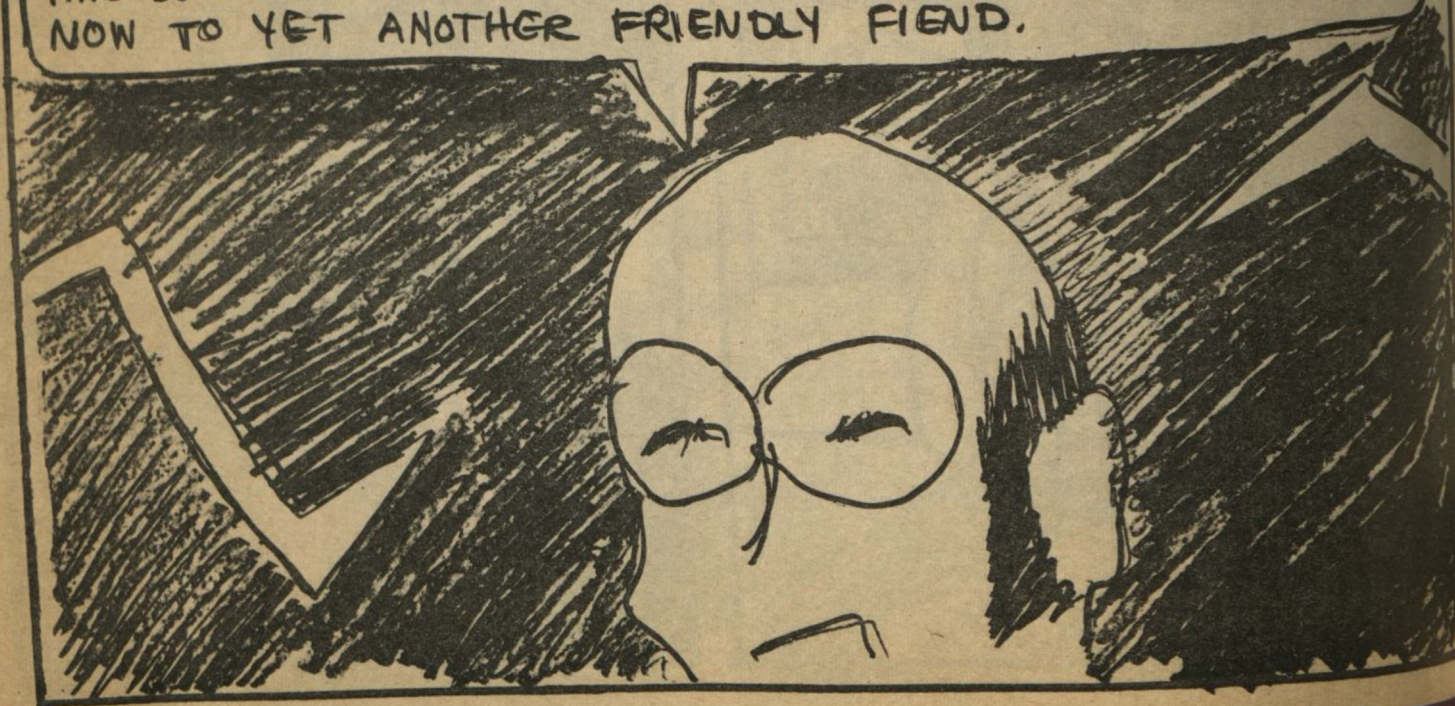


DO MY EYES DECIEVE ME, OR IS  
THIS FORM A GHOST OR A  
PUFF OF SMOKE FROM THE  
CESSPOOL?

NO, YOUR EYES DECEIVE  
YOU NOT. IT IS I, THE  
GHOST OF WITHERING HEIGHTS  
PAST

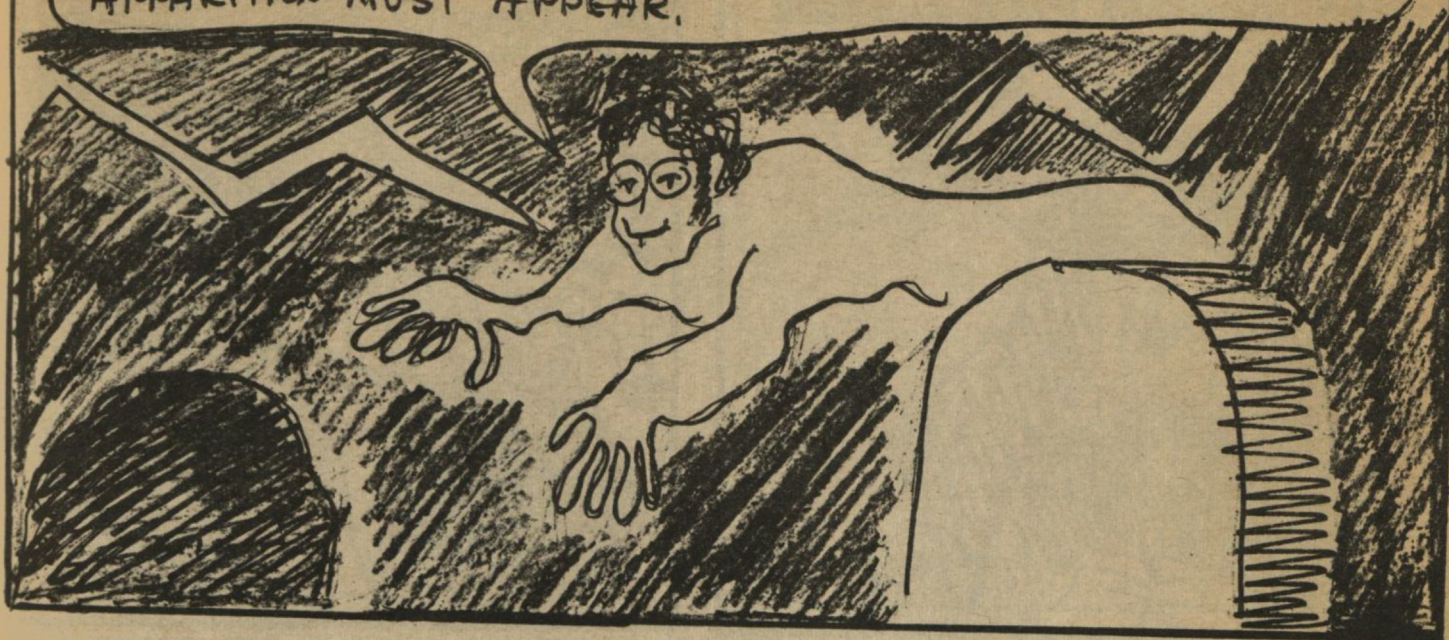


WHEN I RULED AT WITHERING HEIGHTS, I THOUGHT THAT ALL  
GOOD LAY IN THE PAST. OH, HOW THE THOUGHT OF  
PROGRESS WITHERED MY VERY SOUL. ALAS, I COULD DECEIVE  
MY CO-WORKERS FOR FAR TOO SHORT A TIME. I'M PROUD TO  
SAY HOWEVER, BY THE TIME THEY OPENED THEIR EYES, I  
HAD DONE ALMOST NOTHING FOR THE HEIGHTS. I LEAVE YOU  
NOW TO YET ANOTHER FRIENDLY FIEND.





AH! HA! HA! I AM THE GHOST OF WITHERING HEIGHTS  
PRESENT. AH! HA! HA! I HAD THEM ALL FOOLED. THEY THOUGHT  
I HELD OUT HOPE, BUT I DECIEVED THEM. I ONLY OFFERED  
THE CREAM OF DELUSION, NOW IT IS THE GRUEL OF DISSENT.  
I SHALL NOW TAKE MY LEAVE FOR YET ANOTHER  
APPARITION MUST APPEAR.



OH, THIS BY FAR THE MOST  
HORRIBLE VISION TO BEFALL MY  
SHINING ORBS.

YES, I AM THE GHOST OF  
WITHERING FUTURE. I OFFER  
TO THE HEIGHTS, A FUTURE  
OF CALM WATERS



IF THE FUTURE UNFOLDS AS IT HAS BEEN  
FORESHADOWED, THEN NONE OF THE  
INHABITANTS SHALL EVER FIND THE LONG  
HIDDEN WELL OF HOPE. BEFORE I  
TAKE MY LEAVE, I MUST WARN YOU  
THAT YOUR STIRRING OF THESE STAGNANT  
WATERS HAS BRED DISCONTENT. LEAVE  
KATHERING OR YOU SHALL BE  
KNOWN HEREAFTER AS 'KATHERING'  
THE SHAFTED.





KATHERINE CLUTCHES HER CAPE TO HER BREAST IN MORTAL FEAR.

I MUST FLEE THIS HALL OF PESTILANCE IMMEDIATELY. PERHAPS BUT YET ANOTHER PLACE WHERE THE SUN SHINES THROUGH THE PRIMEVIL TREES AND THE BROOK GURGLES PURE AND FREE.



KATHERINE RAN HEEDLESSLY THROUGH THE REMNANTS OF THE FOREST UNTIL SHE CAME UPON A GROVE OF UNCUT TREES.

WHAT IS THIS? A GLEN OF TREES AMONG THIS FOREST OF STUMPS?



KATHERINE ENTERS THE SMALL GROVE AND MUCH TO HER SURPRISE FINDS A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL CHOPPING TIRELESSLY AT A GROUP OF THORNY VINES. THOUGH HER HANDS WERE DIRTY AND BLEEDING, THE GIRL CONTINUED HER TASK WITH ZEAL.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?, ARE YOU NOT A WITHERING HEIGHTANNER?

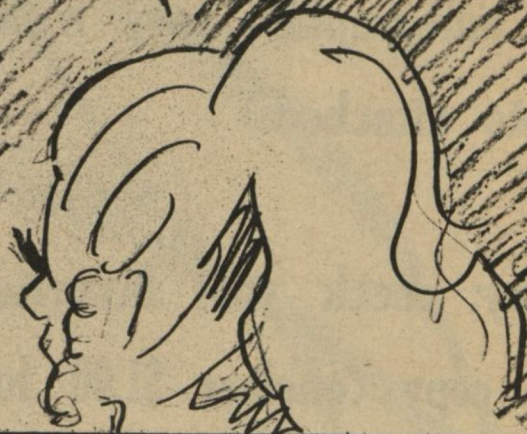
YES. I COME FROM THAT INSTITUTION. I COULD FIND NO GROUP TO BELONG TO, SO I CAME SEARCHING IN THIS GLEN





SEARCHING FOR WHAT DEAR?

THERE ARE STORIES OF A WELL HIDDEN  
BENEATH THESE VINES. I CAN ONLY HOPE



WELL DEAR, I'VE GOT TO SPLIT, AND REMEMBER YOU  
MUST BE PERSISTANT IN YOUR SEARCH FOR HOPE, AND  
ONCE FOUND, YOU MUST CLING TO IT WITH ALL YOUR  
STRENGTH, FOR CHANGE WILL NOT COME EASILY AT  
WITHERING HEIGHTS





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